A

Trip to Kenſington:

OR,

That Town drawn to the Life.

WHERE *Kenſington's* inviting Structures lie,
And *William* found that Kings themſelves muſt die;
That Duſt Imperial muſt Death's Laws obey,
To ſhare the common Fate of vulgar Clay:
There lives a Race of *Hypocrites*, that ne'er
Batten'd and breath'd in any other Air.
O *ANNA*, was that miſcreant Faction known,
Thy Royal Preſence would not Grace the Town:
But on a People more deſerving ſhine,
Worthy to be belov'd by Thee and Thine;
Since all muſt this undoubted Truth confeſs,
No Subjects merit thy Indulgence leſs;
Or have a more diſputed Claim to ſhare,
Thy gracious Patronage, and Princely care.
Amongſt the vileſt of this Motly Crew,
For we muſt only ſingle out a few;
Since 'twould be nauſeous to the Reader's Ear,
Of each diſtinct Inhabitant to hear,
Satyr, cannot, without Obſervance paſs,
An old, fat, wealthy, ſaucy, *Yorkſhire* Aſs,
That at Park Gate with inſolence reſides,
And o'er his Neighbours, moſt audacious rides;
Where Pow'r, its Force, can unreſiſted ſhew,
And Circumſtances are ſubmiſs and low.

But fawning, and diſſembling with the Great,
As known a Coward, as he is a Cheat:
While from a Dunghill, to a Mountain grown,
He Farms, and thrives on Lands, are not his own.
Nor ſhall his meagre Daughter's Husband be
Neglected, ſince as great a Knave as he.
Empty and fooliſh, ratling, good for nothing,
Like his own *Yorkſhire* Ale, when ſet a Frothing.
The Picture of his Father to a Hair,
Who Rules as if the Pariſh was his Care;
And from a puny Barber's laddering Ball,
As Dominus Fac totum governs all,
To the great diſappointment of the Poor,
Whom he has forc'd to beg from Door to Door.
But it's beneath the Credit of a Muſe,
To laſh a Mortal that has none to loſe;
And Satyr would its ſelf too much degrade,
In dwelling longer on a Theme ſo bad;
Wherefore 'tis fit, the Villain ſhould be left,
Of Eaſe, of Buſineſs, and good Name bereft,
Since he has all the Plagues of human Life,
In a vexatious, fighting, ſcolding Wife;
And not a Creature in the Town allows,
But ſhe has the like Monſter in her Spouſe;
As neither of them uſe a friendly ſtrain,
But when agreed to ſwear and lie for gain.
A Man of War for bloody Battles fam'd,
And betwixt Wind and Water lately maim'd;
That often ſhoots at Marks, but ſeldom hits,
A Tyrant over Sparrows and Tom-tits,
Succeeds this Tapſter, were he but abroad,
His Wife would never live a Life ſo odd:
To knaw the Sheets uncultivated lie,
But uſe her Freedom fearleſs of her Spye:
Since ſuch a Stock of Beauty unenjoy'd,
Deſerves a longer Man than Captain——
Next Maſter Obſervator ſhould be drawn,
With his huge greaſie Wife as fat as Brawn.
As he about the Town does liſtning walk,
And ſhe at Home makes uſe of *Marlborough* Chalk.

A Couple, who deſerving our Regard,
Like Tallies fit, and are moſt juſtly pair'd,
He for falſe Stories of his Neighbours told,
And ſhe for ſcoring Wine ſhe never ſold.
On either ſide of *J*———*n*'s Houſe of Trade,
Two Creatures live, the like were never made.
The firſt a broken Mouth'd, old founder'd Beaſt,
Who never lets her Tongue lie ſtill and reſt;
*M*alitious, ſcornful, petulant and looſe,
Still prodigal of Scandal and Abuſe
On all without Diſtinction or Reſpect,
But her own canting, ſhuffling, Lying Sect.
'Tis true, the Gypſie, give the Devil his due,
Can one thing pritty tolerably do;
For waſhing People's Linnen bears the Bell,
Which let's her into things ſhe's ſure to tell;
Since Linnen in theſe gameſome ſinful Days,
It's owners Secrets, but too oft betrays.
The ſecond, is a Female, has been try'd,
A deceas'd Officer's preſumptuous Bride;
Proud, as if fam'd for Beauty, Senſe, and Youth,
Yet ugly as the laſt without a Tooth;
As if old Satan had with Granny joyn'd,
One to deform her Body, one her *M*ind.
Room for a little antient Lady next,
That ſits all Day a brooding on a Text,
After ſhe from the *M*eeting-Houſe is come,
And hears Sedition-mongers lov'd Hum-drum.
Ye Wives and Daughters dread this old *Review*,
Nor Paths forbidden to your Search perſue.
Since both your Husbands, and your Sires will know,
What e'er ye practice, and where e'er you go:
For ſhe's ſtill looking thro' her Window's light,
To judge of every Perſon, wrong or right.
A Weekly piece of News now comes in courſe,
Experienc'd in *for Better and for Worſe*:
The Relict of another Captain dead,
With Schemes and Plans, and Windmills in her Head;
With Mails from *Holland*, *Germany* and *Spain*,
And every State's Tranſactions in her Brain.

As she frequents the Country and the Town,
To know their Secrets, and disclose her own;
And to their Parents every slip describes,
Unless the young Offenders give her Bribes.
But tho' Dame Novelty's of such a Mold,
That she can nothing but for Profit hold;
Tho' she much longer might the Muse detain.
We must not her next Neighbour's Worth refrain;
But for the Club of ugly Faces sake,
An *Undertaker*'s Daughter *Undertake*.
Little, young, proud, black, whimsical, long chinn'd,
In Temper something, to the last a Kin,
Conceited that her Voice is sweet and strong,
But hidious and affrightning in a Song;
Yet does a Countess from her State descend,
To take this *Screech Owl* for her Bosom-Friend.
To sum up all, though 'twould be counted hard,
To pass by her that Live's in Parson's Yard,
That Crooked-Billet, sour look'd Hoddy-Doddy,
Whose Actions are deform'd, as is her Body;
Or that old Quack, that Physick Interloper,
Who lives against her, with his Wife the Groper,
And thinks all Villanies are just and proper.
While both from Acts of Honesty abstain,
And would see all their Children hang'd for gain:
Satyr content's it self with what is said;
Though the tyr'd Reader, might be farther led,
Brought into such Discoveries, as would make
Him loath the Writer, for the Subject's sake,
And having these few Characters express'd,
Leaves him from them to learn, and judge the rest.

FINIS.

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